

Trash Mouth

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Trash Mouth by FreshBrains

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Summary:

Now that Eddie Kaspbrak is a month shy of seventeen and has actually started experiencing kissing in practice rather than theory, his childhood awareness of germs is creeping back into the forefront of his mind.

For one Richie Tozier, it's a real fucking bummer.

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Author's Note:

For the DW Season of Kink bingo challenge prompt:
Oral fixation.

Characters are both seventeen and in high school, so I tagged for **underage**. And since it has been a shamefully long time since I've read the book, this is based solely on the new film's characterizations.

Now that Eddie Kaspbrak is a month shy of seventeen and has actually started experiencing kissing in practice rather than theory, his childhood awareness of germs is creeping back into the forefront of his mind.

For one Richie Tozier, it's a real fucking bummer.

"When did you eat Cracker Jacks? Man, I hate Cracker Jacks, you *know* that. You're such an asshole sometimes." Eddie pulls away from Richie and tries to squirm out of his lap.

"I didn't eat Cracker Jacks! Why the fuck are we talking about Cracker Jacks? Are we at a Red Sox game?" Richie's been around the block with Eds enough to know that if Eddie gets off his lap and flops next to him in the backseat of his god-awful 1985 Honda Prelude, he'll be going home with a major case of blue balls. He wraps his arms around Eddie waist and tugs him in close, the thin material of their undershirts damp with sweat between them.

It's summer. *The* summer—the one before senior year, before everything will change. And Richie's sure as shit not going to spend it walking home with his dick hard as a roll of quarters while Eddie brushes his teeth three times in a row.

For the record, he *did* eat Cracker Jacks earlier. He split a box with Ben before study hall. But he's not giving Eddie that satisfaction.

"I can taste it. Caramel, popcorn. Sugar. Tastes like tooth decay. Your

dental hygiene is appalling.” Eddie doesn’t pull away, though. Richie likes him best right where he is—straddling his lap in the cramped backseat, hands on Richie’s shoulders, lips wet and pink. While Richie went through some kind of five stages of grief during puberty (tall and skinny, tall and skinny and *hairy*, tall and sort of chubby, tall and average sized and still pretty hairy with wire-frames instead of his old Coke bottle glasses), Eddie remained...well, *Eddie*. Small and big-eyed and really cute. Richie only admitted that cute part once when he, Bill, and Stan got blitzed off a bottle of root beer schnapps when they were fifteen and Richie’s lack of filter escalated to verbal free thinking.

“My dental hygiene is everything nine out of ten dentists recommend, asswipe,” Richie says. “Do you know what I floss with?”

“If you say my mom’s pubic hair, I’m biting your dick off.”

“Is that a promise?” Richie can sense he’s getting nowhere by being his normal charming self, so he runs his hands down Eddie’s waist, making the other boy shiver at the ticklish spots. “C’mon, Eds, what’s the issue? Be a darling and give me a smooch.” He cups the back of Eddie’s neck with one hand and pulls him in, their lips meeting softly. Eddie makes a little noise of annoyance but doesn’t protest, and the way his hands are curling in Richie’s shirt lets Richie know he can sweeten the pot.

He goes in for a deeper kiss, tongue slipping past Eddie’s lips and delving into his mouth. Richie fucking *loves* to kiss. He presses his thumbs against the corners of Eddie’s mouth, making him open wider so Richie can kiss at more of him, wet and slick and hot. The car fills with the telltale sounds of making out—the squelch of lips and tongue, the soft click of teeth when one of them gets clumsy, the smack of mouths pulling apart and meeting again and again and again. Richie doesn’t pull back long enough to let Eddie talk because he knows he’ll just hear another lecture about how there are more germs in a human mouth than in a dog’s mouth.

(“Then go make out with a poodle, dumbfuck,” Richie told him when he heard it the first time, ego only a little bruised.

“You’re more of a chihuahua,” Eddie said, wrapping Richie in a bear

hug. “Can never stop fucking yapping.”)

There’s a part of this, the down-and-dirty backseat bingo of making out, that gets Richie even hotter: in the end, it is undeniably dirty. All that spit, tongues against tongues, sharing breath—it’s just another exchange of fluids that Eddie’s so dead-set on avoiding. But once he’s got Richie’s mouth on his, Richie’s won out against the germs, and it feels like a victory.

When Eddie starts to groan low in his throat, hands fisted in the dark tangle of Richie’s hair, Richie goes for the big guns. He takes off his glasses, tucks them behind the headrest, and buries his face in the crook of Eddie’s neck, sucking and biting at the sweat-salty skin above his throat. Eddie always goes weak for that shit, does whatever the fuck Richie wants when he gets his neck mauled.

“No marks, Dracula,” Eddie gasps, even as his hips roll down against Richie’s, creating a loop of delicious friction that Richie bucks up into. They’re still trying to get the rhythm down, still finding the path towards “if my own dick feels great, then his dick against mine must feel *really* great.” They’ve been pretty successful explorers of the terrain so far.

“Yeah, yeah,” Richie mutters into Eddie’s neck. He grasps Eddie’s ass in both hands and grinds up against him. He’s surprised Eddie doesn’t slap his hands away—“get anywhere near my ass without a condom and I’ll run you over” is his usual mantra, but it seems that the double barrier of denim and boxer shorts between them is making Eddie unclench a little, so to speak. Not that they’ve graduated to anything further than dry humping and incredibly inspired hand jobs. “I don’t want to give Mrs. K a coronary.”

“Yeah, baby, talk more about my *mom* while you’re gnawing at my neck,” Eddie huffs, but Richie short-circuited after Eddie called him *baby*, hips thrusting up wildly against Eddie’s, hands clenched like vises around Eddie’s narrow hips. “God, you freak,” Eddie says. “Wait a sec.” He leans back and tugs his undershirt over his head, revealing his pale, hairless chest, his blush reaching down past his nipples. “Kiss me there, too.”

“Eddie Kaspbrak, you brazen hussy,” Richie groans, and throws Eddie

down lengthwise on the bench seat. His own head knocks against the cup holder with a painful *thunk* and Eddie's foot nearly shoots through the rear window, but they're both too busy moaning like dying animals and pressing skin against skin to care. The car is steaming up, Derry's streetlights hazy in the distance.

Richie kisses sloppily down Eddie's collarbone and towards the hard nubs of his nipples, teeth grazing sensitive skin. Eddie tugs at Richie's belt between them and barely gets his fly undone before Richie is coming like a madman into Eddie's hand, hips jerking, mouth pressed hot and slack against Eddie's neck. He almost can't *stop* coming—it feels like being thirteen again and figuring out what your dick can do.

“Whoa Nelly,” Eddie says, voice hoarse, hand still clumsily working Richie through the last of his orgasm. His neck and chest are wet and glistening with spit. “You’re like a fucking fire hose.”

“Not my fault,” Richie says lazily, and gropes between them for the zipper of Eddie's jeans, but Eddie just flushes and shakes his head.

“If you make a premature ejaculation joke, I’m strangling you with your jizz-stained Flash Gordon boxers.” He says it with heat, but it’s also oddly fond. Eddie’s usually-neat hair is mussed and Richie licks his palm flattens it like their mothers do for them, making Eddie smack his hand away.

They sit up, both stiff and sticky with come drying on their bellies and in their jeans. They sit back, Richie's arms thrown over Eddie's shoulders, face buried in his hair. “You know, Eds,” Richie says. “I bet if we tried really hard, I could give you mono by the end of senior year.”

“Richie,” Eddie sighs, crawling up the driver's seat, “you’re a real fucking asshole.”

Author's Note:

[bestgoddamnbroccoli](#) over on Tumblr has translated this fic to Russian. You can find it [here](#)! They also linked me to an amazing edit someone made in the

Russian fandom, which can be found [here](#) (I imagined them as a little older in the fic, but the aesthetic is still completely gorgeous).